



GRIMM'S FAIRY STORIES

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HALIBURTON

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Grimm's Fairy Stories

Supplementary to First Reader.



BY

M. WINIFRED HALIBURTON,

Principal of Practice and Observation School, State Normal and Industrial College,
Greensboro, N. C.,

AND

P. P. CLAXTON,

Professor of Pedagogy, State Normal and Industrial College,
Greensboro, N. C.

Jakob Ludwig Grimm & Wilhelm Grimm



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Fairies small,
Two feet tall,
With caps red
On their head,
Dance around
On the ground.

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PREFACE.

THE stories contained in this little book have been told among the Teutonic peoples from generation to generation, some of them for many *thousands* of years. They belong to the childhood of the race, and must ever find a right hearty welcome among children.

An effort has been made here to adapt for use in the lowest grades of our schools twenty of Grimm's collection of Märchen. Everyone has witnessed the eagerness with which children listen to these stories, and the delight with which they tell them again. They will find no less pleasure in reading the stories for themselves, when this can be done during the first or second year in school, before the time for pleasure in such stories has passed away. In most editions of these stories in children's books they have been spoiled by an attempt to soften down a just punishment, in answer to a goody-goody morality. We do not believe this is best, and so have followed closely the original, as the sense of justice in the child and the race demands.

A child who has read through one or two First Readers will find no difficulty in reading, at sight, any of the stories contained in this book. The sentences are short and simple. The words are those most familiar to the child at this period of its life. There is no word in the book that will not be easily understood by the average child who has been in school one year. To make sure of this, the stories were read to children of this class a number of times, and no word not fully understood was allowed to remain. Finally, many of the most difficult stories were printed and put into the hands of other children of the same grade of advancement, that they might read them for themselves. This they did without difficulty and with marked pleasure.

No attempt has been made to avoid the use of words of two or more syllables, when they belong to the vocabulary of the child. About two hundred and seventy-five of these words have been printed in columns in the last part of the book. The division into syllables here will facilitate their pronunciation, especially for those children who have been taught the sound values of the single letters and of the most usual combinations of letters. For those children who have

not been taught the sound values of the single letters and the digraphs and trigraphs, brief drills on the chart on pages 143 and 144 will be helpful.


Only the essential part of each story is told. Children will readily add all needful details from the stores of their own imagination, and lend the most pleasing colors from the play of their own fancy.

Children should be encouraged to tell the stories again in their own words and phrases; and the shorter and simpler ones should be told in writing. No better language lessons can be given. Always let the children read aloud the stories they have written. Have children write with pencil or pen on a good quality of paper, and preserve everything written. If their work is destroyed from day to day, it will soon be carelessly done.

If this book adds pleasure and variety to the children's reading at this period of their school life, its purpose will be accomplished.

Our thanks are due Mr. Eben E. Rexford and the publishers of the *Youth's Companion*, for permission to use the "Slumber Song" and "A Bit of Advice."

OCTOBER, 1899.



“By the moon we sport and play,
With the night begins our day;
As we dance the dew doth fall.
Trip it, little urchins all,
Lightly as the little bee,
Two by two, and three by three;
And about we go, and about go
we.”





THE FROG PRINCE.

Grimm's Fairy Stories.

The Frog Prince.

A king had a beautiful daughter. Her face was like the flowers. Her hair was like the sunshine.

Near the king's castle was a forest. In the forest was a fountain of clear, bright water.

One warm summer day the princess was playing in the forest. She was tossing a golden ball. As she tossed the ball, it fell into the fountain and sank out of sight.

The princess began to weep. Then she heard a voice from the water. The voice said, "Why do you weep, O, king's daughter?"

The princess turned and looked. She saw a frog stretching his thick, ugly neck from the water.

"Oh, is it you, old water paddler?" she said: "I am crying for my golden ball. It fell into the water."

"What will you give me, if I get it for you?" asked the frog.

"Oh, I will give you my prettiest dresses. I will give you my pearls. I will give you my golden crown. Do get my ball for me!" said the princess.

"I do not want any of these things," said the frog. "I want you to love me. I want you to be my companion and play-fellow. I want to eat at your table, from your golden plate. I want to sleep in your little silken bed."

"It shall be as you wish," said the princess. "Now bring me my golden ball."

The frog dived into the water and brought up the golden ball in his mouth.

The princess caught the ball and ran away with it.

"Wait! wait!" said the frog. "Take me with you."

But the princess only ran the faster.

The next day, the princess sat at dinner with the king, her father. A strange noise was heard at the door—"Splish! splash! splash!" Then a voice said:

"King's daughter, king's daughter, open to me;
You promised that I your companion should be,
When you hid in the shade from the sun's bright beam,
And I brought up your ball from the fountain's cool stream."

The princess turned pale and shook with fright. "What is the matter, my child?" asked the king. Then she told him all about the frog.

The king shook his head and looked sad. "You must keep your promise, my daughter, even if it was made only to a frog," said he.

The king opened the door and the frog

hopped in. When the frog saw the princess, he said, "Take me up beside you."

The king bade his daughter place the frog on a chair beside her.

From the chair, the frog jumped upon the table.

"Push your plate nearer me, and we will eat together," said the frog.

"I am tired, princess, put me in your little bed," he said, after he had eaten.

The princess began to weep; for she could not bear to touch the cold, ugly thing.

At last she carried the frog away. But as soon as she was in her room, she dashed it against the wall. "There! I guess you will keep quiet now, you ugly thing!" she said.

When she saw the poor frog lifeless at her feet, she was sorry. She picked it up tenderly and tears of pity fell from her eyes. Then she loved the frog.

Her tears fell upon the frog. In a moment, he was changed into a young prince, with beautiful, friendly eyes.

The prince told the princess an old witch had changed him into a frog. She had said he should be a frog until a king's daughter should love and pity him.

The prince married the beautiful princess, and they lived happily for many long years.



The Straw, the Coal, and the Bean.

Once an old woman gathered a dish of beans for dinner. She made a fire upon the hearth to cook them. She lighted the fire with a handful of straw. She put the beans in a pot and set it on the fire. But she dropped one of the beans, and it fell on the floor near a straw.

Soon a live coal sprung out of the fire and fell near the straw and bean.

“Where did you come from?” asked the Straw.

“I sprang out of the fire,” said the Coal. “If I had not, I should have been dead. I should have been burnt to ashes.”

“The old woman tried to put me into the pot,” said the Bean. “But I am glad she dropped me. The other beans will be boiled to pieces.”

“She put sixty of my brothers under the pot, and they have been burned to death.

I am glad I slipped through her fingers. I should have been burned, too," said the Straw.

"But what shall we do now?" asked the Coal.

"Let us travel out into the world," said the Bean.

This pleased the Coal and the Straw. So all three set out to see the world.

Soon they came to a little stream. There was no bridge over the stream, and they did not know how to cross it.

They thought a long time. At last the Straw said, "I will lay myself across like a bridge, and you may walk over on me." The Straw laid itself across the stream, making a fine bridge for the Coal and the Bean.

The Coal tripped lightly upon the new bridge and ran half-way across. Then it heard the water running beneath it. This frightened the Coal, and it stopped and stood still. When the Coal stopped, the

Straw began to burn. Soon it broke and fell into the stream. The Coal slipped in after it and was drowned. The Bean thought this a good joke and began to laugh at it. It laughed so loud that it burst.

The Bean was in a sad plight; for bursting is as bad as being cooked. But, by good luck, a tailor came that way, who had pity on the Bean. He took out his needle and thread and sewed the Bean together again.

The Bean thanked the tailor for this. But the tailor had used black thread; and, since that time, some beans have black seams down their backs.



Fairy Tell-True.

PART II.

A little girl lived near a large forest. She was just three years old. Her father was a wood-cutter. He was very poor, so poor they sometimes had nothing to eat.

One morning, the poor man was working in the forest: He was very sad. He was wondering what would become of his dear child. Suddenly he saw a beautiful lady standing before him. She had a crown of bright stars on her head. Large diamonds glittered in her hair. "I am Fairy Tell-True," she said, "the mother of all good children. I know you are very poor. Bring your little girl to me. I will be a mother to her and will take good care of her." The man loved his child; but he gladly gave her to Fairy Tell-True.

Fairy Tell-True carried the little girl to her palace in the clouds. Here she was

quite happy. She had good things to eat, and beautiful clothes of silk and gold. She played all day long with the fairy's good children.

When she was fourteen years old, the fairy said to her, "I have a long journey to make. I shall leave all my keys with you. There are twelve rooms you may open; but this little gold key belongs to a room you must not open. The little girl promised to obey, and Fairy Tell-True went away. When Fairy Tell-True was gone, the little girl began to look through the rooms, and to show all the wonderful things to the other children.

When she had gone through the twelve rooms, she began to wish she might go into the last one, too.

At last, she said, "I will unlock it, and take just one peep."

"Oh, don't," cried one of the good children. "That would be wrong."

But when all the children were out at

play, she said, “I *will* look into that room. No one can ever know it.”

She put the key into the lock and turned it round. The door sprang open, and she saw three beautiful fairies. They were seated on a throne of fire, in a blaze of light. She went up to the fire and put her finger into the glittering light. When she drew it back, it was covered with gold. This so frightened her that she quickly shut the door and ran away, to wash the gold off her finger. She rubbed it a long time, but it would not come off.

Soon Fairy Tell-True came home and asked for the keys.

“Did you unlock the door with the golden key?” she said.

The little girl said she did not. Fairy Tell-True laid her hand on the little girl’s heart and looked into her eyes. Then she knew the little girl had opened the door.

But the girl said again, “No, I did not.”

“You have told me a falsehood. You are

not fit to live with my good children," said Fairy Tell-True.

As she said this, the little girl fell into a deep sleep and sank down—down—down to the earth.

PART II.

When the little girl awoke, she was in a large, dark forest.

She tried to call for help; but she could not speak. She was dumb. She tried to find her way out of the forest; but she could not do this, either. She had to live in the forest for a long time. At night she slept in a cave on some dry leaves. She had nothing to eat but nuts, roots, and berries. Sometimes she thought of Fairy Tell-True's bright palace in the clouds. This made her weep, and her heart would almost break.

Years went by. The little girl became a full-grown maiden. Yet she saw no one. Her clothes became rags; but her long hair covered her like a cloak of gold.

One day when the young king was hunting in the forest he saw the maiden sitting under a tree, her long golden hair falling round her.

“Who are you, pretty maiden?” asked the king. “Why do you sit alone in this dreary place?”

But the girl could not answer him; for she was dumb.

“Will you go with me to my palace?” he asked.

She bowed her head, and the king carried her away to his palace. She was so beautiful that the king soon married her and made her the queen of the land.

When she had a little son, Fairy Tell-True came to her and said: “You may speak now. Did you open the door with the golden key?”

“No, I did not,” said the queen.

Then the fairy took the baby and left the queen dumb again.

When the people had tried to find the baby and could not, they told the king the

queen had killed it and had hid its body. But the king loved his queen, and would not believe the people.

When the queen had another son, Fairy Tell-True came again. "Did you open the door with the golden key? Confess, and I will bring back your first son and let you speak. If you do not confess, I will take this baby, too."

But the queen said, "No, I did not open the door with the golden key."

So Fairy Tell-True carried away that baby.

The queen's next baby was a girl. When it was born, the fairy came again and said, "Follow me." Then she led the queen to her palace in the clouds and showed her the two little boys playing with the good children.

The queen was glad to see the little boys and wished to carry them with her.

"Speak the truth," said the fairy, "and I will give you back your children and your voice. Did you open the door with the golden key?"

“No; said the queen; and again she sank down to the earth.

When the people could not find the little girl, they said: “Now we know the queen is a wicked woman. She has eaten her children. She must die.” The queen could not speak to tell them where the children were; so they bound her to a stake to burn her.

When the flames were around her, the queen’s heart was sad for her sin. “Oh, if I could only see the good fairy,” she thought, “I would tell her that I opened the door.”

Then her voice came to her, and she cried aloud, “Oh, good Fairy Tell-True, I *did* open the door with the golden key.”

As she spoke, the rain fell and put out the fire; and Fairy Tell-True stood before the queen with her three lovely children. “You are free. Always speak the truth and teach your children to be true,” said the fairy. Then she flew away, leaving the queen with the king and their children.

Little Red-Cap.

Once upon a time there lived a sweet little girl. Every one who saw her loved her. But her grandmother loved her best of all.

Her grandmother gave the little girl a red velvet cap. She liked it so much she would wear nothing else. So she was called little Red-Cap.

One day little Red-Cap's mother said to her: "Come, Little Red-Cap. Here is a nice piece of meat. And here is a bottle of wine, too. Take them to your grandmother. She is sick, and these will do her good."

The grandmother lived away, across the wood. A narrow path among the trees led to her house.

As little Red-Cap was going along the path, she met a wolf.

"Good-day, Little Red-Cap," said the wolf. "Where are you going so early?"

“Thank you, Mr. Wolf,” said Little Red-Cap. “I am going to my grandmother’s.”

“What are you carrying under your apron?”

“Meat and wine.”

“Where does your grandmother live?”

“On the other side of the forest. Her cottage stands under three great oaks. There are some nut-bushes near by. You can easily find it.”

Then the wolf thought: “I must eat her. She will taste good. I must eat her grandmother, too. How may I do it? Let me see!” Then he said: “Look, what beautiful flowers, Little Red-Cap! Your grandmother would like some of them. Listen, Little Red-Cap! How sweetly the birds sing!”

Little Red-Cap stopped to listen to the birds. Then she wandered into the woods, to gather the flowers for her grandmother.

The old wolf ran straight to the cottage and knocked at the door.

“Who’s there?” asked the grandmother?

"It is Little Red-Cap. She has brought you some meat and wine. Please open the door," said the wolf.

"I am so glad you have come! Lift the latch and come in. I am too weak to get up," answered the grandmother.

So the wolf lifted the latch, and the door flew open. He sprang into the bed and swallowed the old lady.

Then the wolf put on the grandmother's clothes and tied her cap on his head. He got into the bed and drew the blankets over him.

When Little Red-Cap came, she found the door wide open. She went into the room and said, "Good-morning!" but no one answered. She went to the bed and drew back the curtains.

"Oh! grandmother, what large ears you have!"

"The better to hear with, my dear."

"And what large eyes you have!"

"The better to see with, my dear."

“And what large hands you have!”

“The better to feel with, my dear.”

“But, grandmother, what long teeth you have!”

“The better to eat you with;” and the wolf sprang out of the bed and swallowed up poor Little Red-Cap.

Then he lay down and went to sleep. He snored so loud a hunter heard him. The hunter thought it was the old woman, and came to see if she wanted anything. When he saw the wolf, he shot him dead.



The fairies are hopping,
The small flowers cropping,
And with dew dropping,
Skip through the greaves.

At barley-break they play
Merrily all the day;
At night themselves they lay
Upon the soft leaves.



The Lady-Bird and the Fly.

A lady-bird and a fly once kept house together. They brewed their beer in an egg-shell.

One day the lady-bird fell in and was burnt. Then the fly screamed so loud that the little door of the room asked, "What are you screaming for, fly?"

"Because lady-bird has burnt herself."

Then the little door began to creak. "What are you creaking for?" asked the little broom in the corner.

"Shall I not creak?" answered the door—

"Lady-bird is burnt
And little fly weeps."

Then the little broom began to sweep as fast as it could.

Soon a little stream passed the door. It said, "Why are you sweeping so, little broom?"

“Shall I not sweep?” answered the little broom—

“Lady-bird is burnt,
Little fly weeps,
Little door creaks;
So little broom sweeps.”

“Then I will run,” said the stream, and it began to run very fast.

“Why do you run so?” asked the fire.

“Shall I not run?” said the stream—

“Lady-bird is burnt,
Little fly weeps,
Little door creaks,
Little broom sweeps;
So little stream runs.”

Then the fire said, “So I will burn;” and it burst into a bright flame.

A tree grew near the fire. It said, “Fire, why do you burn so?”

“Shall I not burn?” said the fire—

“Lady-bird is burnt,
Little fly weeps,
Little door creaks,
Little broom sweeps,
Little stream runs;
So little fire burns.”

“So I will rustle,” said the little tree;
and it began to rustle so that its leaves fell
off.

A maiden came by, carrying a little
pitcher. She said to the little tree: “Tree,
why do you rustle so?”

“Shall I not rustle?” answered the tree—

“Lady-bird is burnt,
Little fly weeps,
Little door creaks,
Little broom sweeps,
Little stream runs,
Little fire burns;
So little tree rustles.”

“Then I will break my pitcher,” said the
maiden, and she broke it.

Then the well said, "Maiden, why do you break your pitcher?"

"Shall I not break my pitcher?" said the maiden—

"Lady-bird is burnt,
Little fly weeps,
Little door creaks,
Little broom sweeps,
Little stream runs,
Little fire burns,
Little tree rustles;
So little maiden broke her pitcher."

"Then I will begin to flow," said the well.

Then the water began to flow so fast that the maiden, the tree, the fire, the stream, the broom, the door, the fly, and the lady-bird were all drowned together; and there was no one left to go to the funeral.

The Crystal Ball.

A witch had three sons. They loved each other dearly. But she did not love them. So she changed the oldest into an eagle. He lived on the top of a high mountain, and was often seen flying about, high among the clouds. She changed the second son into a whale. He lived in the deep sea. He was often seen spouting great streams of water into the air.

The youngest son was afraid his wicked mother would change him into a bear or a wolf. So he ran away from home. Soon he heard of a beautiful princess who was under the spell of a witch. The princess lived in a grand castle, called the Castle of the Golden Sun. The youth made up his mind to set the princess free; but he did not know how to find the Castle of the Golden Sun.

At last he came to a great forest, and lost



his way in it. One day he met two giants. He asked them to show him the way out of the forest.

“Oh! we will show you the way. But you must first settle a dispute for us,” said the giants. “We have been fighting over this little hat. One of us is just as strong as the other, and neither can keep it. Now, you must say which ought to have it.”

“Why do you fight over a little hat like that?” asked the young man.

“Oh!” said the giants, “It is a wishing cap. If any one puts it on his head and wishes himself in any place, he will be there in a minute.”

“Well, I will put it on and walk off a little way,” said the young man. “When I call, you may run a race. Whoever gets to me first shall have the hat.”

The giants agreed to this. The young man put the hat on his head and walked away. But he forgot the giants. He walked on and on, and left the giants waiting for

him to call them. He was thinking of the beautiful princess. At last, he said to himself, "I wish I were at the Castle of the Golden Sun."

As soon as he said this, he was on the top of a high mountain, and the Castle of the Golden Sun stood before him.

He walked into the castle, and went from room to room. At last he came to the room in which the princess sat. But she was not pretty. Her face was the color of ashes. Her skin was wrinkled. Her hair was red.

"Are you the princess who is said to be so beautiful?" asked the young man.

"Ah!" said the princess, "This is not my own shape. I am under the spell of a witch. Look into that mirror. It will show you my true image."

The young man looked into the mirror, and saw that the princess was the most beautiful maiden in the world. But tears were rolling down her cheeks.

“Tell me how to set you free!” cried the young man.

The princess said: “Many young men have lost their lives trying to free me. I am afraid for you to try. I do not want you to come to harm.”

“Only tell me how I can do it,” said he. “I am not afraid.”

“See that high mountain!” said the princess. “You must climb to the top of it. You will see a wild buffalo standing by a spring. Kill him. A large fiery bird will spring from his body. Kill the bird, too. In her body is a red-hot egg. It has no yellow in it. In the egg is a crystal ball. If I can hold that crystal ball before the old witch, I shall be freed from her spell. Do not let the ball fall on the ground. If it does fall, it will melt.”

The young man climbed the mountain. He soon found the buffalo and killed him. The fiery bird rose from his body, and tried to fly away.

A large eagle flew down from the sky. He drove the fiery bird toward the sea, and began to fight her. He wounded her, and she dropped the egg, which fell upon a fisherman's hat. In a moment, the hat was on fire. A whale sent up a stream of water and put out the fire.

The young man got the egg, which was not hurt, and carried it to the princess. She held it before the old witch, and was changed into her own beautiful form again.

"Now that I am free," said the princess, "we must free your brothers, too." She held the ball before the witch again, and in a moment, the eagle and the whale became handsome young men.

For this they loved the princess, who married their youngest brother; and they all lived happily together in the "Castle of the Golden Sun."

The Lost Son.

A queen who had no children prayed every day for a little boy.

One day two white doves came to her. They were good fairies. One of them said: "Be happy, good queen. We have come to tell you that you shall have a son. He shall have great power. Whatever he wishes for he shall have."

When the boy was born, the king and queen were very happy.

Every morning the queen took her little son to walk in the garden. She bathed him in a clear stream that flowed there.

One day when the queen had bathed the baby prince, she sat down to rest, and the babe slept in her lap. Every thing was so still the queen fell asleep, too.

The king's cook was a very wicked man. He knew the young prince was to have great power, and he wanted to steal him

and make the people believe he was his own son.

While the queen slept, the cook killed a chicken and sprinkled its blood on the grass and on the queen's dress. He carried the child to an old woman, who promised to keep it until he came for it.

Then the cook ran to the king and told him the queen had let some wild beast kill the child and eat it while she slept. The child could not be found. The king saw the blood on the queen's dress and believed the cook's story.

Now, the king had a high tower into which the sun and moon could never shine. He shut the poor queen into this tower, and gave her neither food nor drink. The king was so angry with her that he wished her to die.

The two white doves, the good fairies, fed the queen every day; but no one saw them.

Then the wicked cook left the king, took

the young prince with him, and went far away.

One day the cook said to the prince, "Boy, wish for a castle with beautiful gardens."

The prince wished and a castle, with its beautiful gardens, sprang up before them. The prince wished for everything the cook could think of, until they had all they wanted.

When the little prince was lonely in the castle, the cook said to him, "Why don't you wish for a little girl to play with?" The boy spoke the wish. In a moment, a little girl stood before him, more beautiful than any picture. The young prince and the little girl were very happy with each other. They played together until they were both quite grown.

But the wicked cook began to be afraid of the prince. He feared the prince might learn who they both were; so he said, "I will have the boy killed." One day the cook called the young girl to him and said:

“To-night, when the boy is asleep, you must run this knife into his heart and kill him.”

The maiden wept and begged the cook not to make her do such a wicked thing.

“Do as I tell you, or I will kill you,” said the man.

Then the maiden killed a fawn and took its heart to the cook, telling him it was the prince's heart. But the prince was hiding in the garden, and two white doves were cooing by his side. They were the good fairies, telling him about his father and mother and about the wicked cook.

When the doves had flown away, the prince wished for the cook to be turned into a black dog; and it was so. He begged the maiden to go with him into his father's country. He wished to see his mother. When the maiden said it was too far, the prince changed her into a white flower, which he pinned on his coat, just over his heart. He led the black dog by a chain.

Soon the prince came to the tower where

his mother was. He wished for a ladder. Then he climbed the ladder and cried, "Dearest mother, are you still alive?"

When the poor lonely mother saw her long-lost son, she was very happy.

When the prince came to the king's palace, he changed the dog into a cook again, and made him tell the king all that had happened.

The king brought the queen from the dark tower and loved her again. Then he shut up the wicked cook in the tower. The fairies would not feed him, and he died.

The prince showed his father and mother the white flower on his coat, and told them of the beautiful maiden who had saved his life. Then he changed the flower into a maiden again.

The prince and the maiden were soon married. When his father was dead, they became king and queen of the land.



The Little Rabbit's Bride.

Once a woman and her daughter lived in a garden, which was full of cabbages. But a Rabbit came and ate the cabbages.

One day the woman said, "Mary, go into the garden and hunt the Rabbit."

Mary went into the garden and found the Rabbit. She said kindly: "There, there, little Rabbit! Do not eat all the cabbages."

The Rabbit said: "Come with me, Mary. Sit upon my bushy tail. Come with me to my bushy house."

But Mary would not go with the Rabbit.

Next day, the Rabbit came again, and ate the cabbages. Then the woman said, "Mary, go into the garden and hunt the Rabbit."

Mary went into the garden and found the Rabbit again. She said, "There, there, little Rabbit! Do not eat all the cabbages." And the Rabbit said: "Come with me, Mary.

Sit upon my bushy tail. Come with me to my bushy house." But Mary would not go with the Rabbit.

The third day the Rabbit came again and ate the cabbages. Again the woman said, "Mary, go into the garden and hunt the Rabbit."

Mary went into the garden and found the little Rabbit. She said, "There, there, little Rabbit! Do not eat all the cabbages."

The Rabbit said: "Then come with me, Mary. Sit on my bushy tail. Come with me to my bushy house."

This time Mary sat on the little Rabbit's bushy tail. He ran away with her to his little bushy house. He set her down in his bushy house and said, "Now cook lettuce and bran for me. I will invite the wedding guests."

Soon the wedding guests came. They were all rabbits. The Crow came to marry the little Rabbit and Mary. The Fox came to

help him. The alter was under a rainbow. The carpet was made of violets. The birds came to sing. The little murmuring brook was for the organ.

But Mary was sad, because she was alone. The little Rabbit came and said, "Get up, get up! The wedding guests are merry and happy."

Mary only said, "No!" and wept.

The little Rabbit went away. But soon he came again and said, "Get up, get up! The wedding guests are hungry."

The bride said, "No!" again, and still she wept.

The little Rabbit went away again. But he soon came back and said, "Get up! The wedding guests are waiting for you."

Then Mary said, "No! No!" and the little Rabbit went away.

Then Mary made a doll of straw. She put her own clothes on it. She gave it red lips and blue eyes. She set it on the kettle

of bran, and then she went home to her mother.

Once more the little Rabbit came and said, "Get up, get up!" But there was no answer. Then the Rabbit knocked the doll on the head. The doll fell over on its side and lay quite still.

The little Rabbit thought his bride was dead, and he went away and wept.

A Bit of Advice.

"Lady-bug, lady-bug, if I were you,
I always would carry a bucket of dew,
To dash on my house if it burned; and
then, maybe,
I'd save every dear little lady-bug baby."

—*Youth's Companion.*

Queen Lettice of the Golden Hair.

A poor man had climbed into a witch's garden and was cutting some lettuces. The witch saw him, and was very angry.

The poor man fell on his face, and begged the witch not to kill him.

"Well," said the witch, "take all the lettuces you want. I will not hurt you. But you must promise to give me your first little girl."

The man promised, and the witch let him go. When his little girl was born, the old witch came and took her away.

The witch named the girl Lettice, because of the lettuces in the garden.

Lettice was the most beautiful child under the sun, and the old witch was very proud of her.

When Lettice was fourteen years old, the witch took her to a large forest and locked her into a high tower. This tower had no

door. There was a little window high up in the wall; but there were no steps to climb by. When the witch wished to visit Lettice, she would stand under the window and sing:

“Lettice, Lettice, let down your hair,
That I may climb without a stair.”

Lettice had the longest and most beautiful hair in the world. It looked like spun gold. When the witch called her, Lettice would let her hair drop from the window. Then the witch would climb by it into the tower.

Lettice remained in this tower a long time. No one but the witch ever saw her.

One day a king's son came riding through the forest. He passed by the tower and heard Lettice singing. She was sitting in her little room, high up in the tower.

The prince tried to find a door in the tower; but there was none. As the prince stood under the tower, he saw the old witch coming. He hid himself and watched her.

The old witch stopped under the window and sang:

“Lettice, Lettice, let down your hair,
That I may climb without a stair.”

When the prince had seen the old witch climb up into the tower by Lettice's long golden hair, he went away; but when the witch was gone, he came back. He stood under the window and sang, as the witch had done:

“Lettice, Lettice, let down your hair,
That I may climb without a stair.”

Lettice opened the window and let her long bright hair fall down the wall. The prince caught the hair and climbed into the tower.

Lettice was frightened when she saw the prince. She had thought it was the witch singing. The prince spoke kindly and gently to her, and she soon lost all fear.

The prince loved Lettice as soon as he saw her. He asked her to marry him and to tell him how he might get her out of the tower.

“Bring me some strong silk cord,” said Lettice. “I will make a ladder of it and climb down to you.”

The prince brought the strong silk cord, and Lettice made the ladder. When it was ready, the prince said, “When it is dark this evening, I will come and take you away on my horse.”

Lettice said she would be ready to go with him. But before evening the witch came. She was very angry. She cut off Lettice's beautiful, long hair, and carried her away into the wildest part of the forest. Then the witch went back to the tower and climbed into it by the silken ladder.

When it was dark, the prince came. He stood under the window and sang:

“Lettice, Lettice, let down your hair,
That I may climb without a stair.”

Then the witch let down poor Lettice's long hair, and the prince climbed up. But instead of his beautiful Lettice, he found only the ugly old witch.

The witch looked at the prince with her sharp, angry eyes, and said: "Be careful. I will scratch your eyes out. Lettice is gone. You shall never see her again."

When the prince heard this, he thought Lettice was dead. He lost his mind, and jumped out at the window. The thorns scratched out his eyes, and he was blind.

For a whole year, he wandered in the forest, weeping for his lost Lettice. At last he came to the place where the witch had left her. When Lettice saw the prince, she clapped her hands, and ran to meet him. But when she saw that he was blind, she wept bitterly. Two of her tears fell upon the prince's eyes. Then he could see again.

The prince and Lettice set out to find his father's kingdom. The king was glad to see his son. He gave him a grand feast. The prince married Lettice. Her golden hair grew long again; and the people called her "Queen Lettice of the Golden Hair."

The Old Man and His Grandson.

Once there was a very old man. His eyes were dim. His ears were dull. His knees trembled. When he sat at the table he could not hold his spoon still. He often spilled his food over the table-cloth. Sometimes he spilled it on his clothes.

His son and his daughter-in-law were vexed at this. They did not want him to soil the table-cloth.

At last they made the old man sit in the corner, behind the stove. They gave him his food in an earthen dish. This made the poor old man sad. His eyes were often wet with tears.

Once his hand trembled so he could not hold his dish, and it fell on the ground and broke in pieces. His daughter-in-law scolded him. But he did not say anything. He only sighed.

Then they gave him a wooden dish. It

cost just two pennies. He had to eat out of this.

One day he saw his little grandson at work, fitting together some pieces of wood.

“What are you making?” asked the old man.

“I am making a wooden trough,” said the little boy. “Father and mother will feed out of it when I am big.”

The man and his wife heard this. They looked at each other awhile and began to cry.

After this they let the old grandfather sit at the table again. If he spilled anything, they did not scold him.

The Twelve Windows.

A king's daughter had a room with twelve high windows in it. Three windows were toward the north. Three were toward the east. Three were toward the south. Three were toward the west. When the princess looked out of these windows, she could see more than any one else in the whole world.

The princess was rich and very beautiful. But she was proud, and she cared for no one.

She said she would marry no man who could not hide himself from her.

Many tried to hide. No matter where they hid, the princess could look through one of her high windows and find them.

She said to herself: "I shall never have to marry any one. I shall be free all my life."

One day a hunter saw the proud princess and loved her very much. The hunter was young and fair. He begged the princess to

let him hide three times. The princess said he might do so. She felt sure she could find him every time.

The hunter took his gun and went into the forest. He was trying to think of some place to hide in.

As he walked along he saw a raven in a tree. He raised his gun to shoot her. "Don't kill me," said the raven. "Some day I will repay your kindness."

The hunter came to a lake. Here he saw a large fish. He was about to shoot it. But the fish said, "Don't shoot me. I will help you some day." He left the fish to swim in the water and walked on.

Soon he saw a fox. was lame.

"Kind hunter," said fox, "please pull the thorn out of my foot.

The hunter pulled the thorn out of the fox's foot, and then he went home.

Next day the hunter was to hide himself; but he could think of no place to hide in.

He went to the raven. "I spared your

life yesterday. Now tell me where to hide so the princess cannot find me," he said to her. The raven broke one of her eggs and put the hunter into the shell. Then she put it back into her nest and sat upon it.

The princess looked through her first window. She looked through the second window. She looked through the third; but she could not find the hunter. Then she looked through the fourth window, and saw the egg in the raven's nest. She had the egg brought to her, broke it, and pulled out the hunter.

The princess laughed merrily. "I told you I could find you," she said.

Next day the hunter went to the fish and said: "I spared your life. Now hide me where the princess cannot find me."

"I will," said the fish. Then he swallowed the hunter and dived with him to the bottom of the lake.

The princess looked through all her high windows till she came to the tenth. Then

she saw the hunter. She had the fish caught and cut open. As the hunter crawled out of the fish, the princess laughed aloud.

"You must hide better next time," she said.

Then the hunter's heart was heavy with fear.

The hunter went to the fox and said: "I helped you; now you must help me. You know where all the best hiding places are. Hide me where the princess cannot find me."

"I will," said the fox. "But you must do just as I tell you." The fox jumped into a spring of water. When she came out, she was changed into a fish-seller.

"Jump in as I did," said the fish-seller. The hunter jumped into the spring. When he came out he was changed into a funny little water-mouse.

The fish-seller put the water-mouse into a basket and went into the town. A great many people crowded around her to see the funny little mouse.

When the princess heard of the mouse she sent to buy it. She did not know the mouse was the young hunter.

"Creep into her long hair and lie still when she looks through her high windows for you," whispered the fish-seller.

The princess looked through all her windows. But she could not see the hunter anywhere. Then she was very angry.

As she was leaving the room she felt something in her hair. It was the mouse. "Get out of my sight," she screamed, as she dashed the mouse to the floor.

The fish-seller caught up the mouse and ran to the spring with it. They both jumped into the spring. When they came out they were a fox and a handsome young hunter, again.

The hunter thanked the cunning fox and went back to the palace.

The princess married the handsome young hunter; but she never knew where he had hid himself. She never knew that he had been changed into a mouse.

She used to say, "He can do more than I can do, with all my high windows;" and she was very proud of him.

The Palace of the Golden Path.

A fair young princess lived in a beautiful palace. The palace had a high wall around it. A golden path ran to the gate. From her window in the palace the princess could see any one who passed over this path.

Three princes wished to marry the beautiful princess. Each went to the palace to try to win her.

When the first prince reached the golden path he would not ride over it. He found another path and rode over that. The princess saw him leave the golden path and ride over another. Then she said, "He is thinking more of the gold than of me;" and she had him sent away.

The second prince came to the golden path. He would not ride over the gold either. He left his horse and walked to the gate. The princess saw this and said, "He,

too, thinks more of the gold than of me;" and she had him sent away.

The third prince came. He was thinking only of the beautiful princess. He did not see the gold on the path. He rode over the golden path, through the gate, and straight to the castle.

When the princess saw this, she was glad. She said: "He loves me more than gold. When he thinks of me he cannot see the gold."

The princess loved him and married him, and they became the king and queen of THE PALACE OF THE GOLDEN PATH.

The House in the Wood.

PART I.

A woodman lived near a large forest. He had a wife and two daughters.

Every day the woodman went into the forest to cut wood.

One morning he said: "Wife, let our older daughter bring my dinner to the forest to-day. I will take a bag of wheat with me and drop the grains in my path. Then she can easily find the way."

At noon the girl took her father's dinner and started on her way into the forest. But the birds had eaten all the wheat grains, and she could not find her way. She went on and on, until night came down. The trees rustled in the darkness. The fire-flies danced, and the owls screamed. The girl was in a great fright.

At last she came to a little hut. She knocked at the door, and a rough voice said,

"Come in!" The girl opened the door and went in. A very old man was sitting by a table. His chin was resting on his hands. His long white beard fell to the floor. By the little stove lay a spotted cow. A cock and a hen were roosting near.

The girl told the old man she had lost her way, and she asked him if she might stay all night. The old man turned to his animals and said :

"Little chicks and spotted cow,
Shall we keep her here or no?"

The animals said, "Yes." Then the old man said, "You may stay if you will cook supper for us."

The girl cooked the supper and placed it on the table. Then she sat down by the old man and ate as fast as she could; for she was very hungry.

When she had eaten all she wanted, she said: "I am tired. Show me where I may sleep." Then she heard the animals say:

“You can eat and drink,
But you cannot think
Of poor creatures such as we;
You shall have a bed,
Just to rest your head,
But you don’t know where it will be.”

But she did not listen to the animals.

“Go upstairs,” said the old man. “There are two rooms there, and a bed in each room. Shake both beds well and make them nicely.”

But the girl made only one bed. She lay down on this and went to sleep.

When the old man came upstairs, his bed had not been touched. This made him angry. Then he opened a door in the floor, and let the girl and her bed fall down into the cellar,

PART II.

When the woodman went home, he was very hungry; and he was angry because he had had no dinner. His wife told him she

had sent him his dinner. "Our daughter must have lost her way in the forest. If she does not come home soon, we must hunt for her," said she.

Next morning the woodman said: "Send our younger daughter with my dinner to-day. I will drop peas along the way. Then she will not get lost as her sister did."

But the birds picked up the peas. So this little girl lost her way, too.

When night came, it was very dark. The wind moaned. The trees rustled. The owls hooted. But the girl was not afraid. She was only unhappy because her father had been working all day without his dinner.

Soon she came to the little house in the woods. She knocked at the door and the old man said, "Come in."

The girl went in. She spoke kindly to the old man and asked if she might stay all night. The man turned toward the animals and said:

“Little chicks and spotted cow,
Shall we keep her here or no?”

They answered, “Yes.” And the girl stroked them gently. The old man asked her to cook the supper.

When the supper was on the table, the girl said: “Please eat your supper, dear old man. I will feed the cow and fowls; they must be hungry. I will eat when you have finished.” Then she brought corn for the fowls, and a whole armful of sweet hay for the cow. She stroked them again and said, “Eat, dear creatures; I will bring you some fresh water.” When the animals were fed and watered, the girl sat down and ate what the old man had left.

In a little while the fowls put their heads under their wings. The cow’s eyes began to close.

The maiden asked, “Shall we not go to rest now?”

Then the old man said:



“Little chicks and spotted cow,
Shall we let her sleep here now?”

The animals answered quickly:

“Yes; for she is very good;
She has brought us drink and food.”

The maiden went upstairs and made both the beds, as the old man had told her. Then she said her prayers and lay down to sleep.

When the old man found his bed well made, he left the girl sleeping in peace.

PART III.

About midnight the girl was awakened. There was a fearful noise. The house was shaking. The walls were creaking and groaning. The doors were flying open. The stairs were turning up side down. But the girl was not hurt. It soon grew quiet, and she fell asleep again.

Next morning she awoke and found herself in a beautiful room. The walls were covered with silken curtains. The bed was made of pearls. The coverings were made of silk and velvet. By her bed lay a dress and a pair of slippers. The dress was made of silk. The slippers were covered with diamonds. Three servants came in and asked her what she wanted. "I thank you," said the maiden, "I do not want anything. I must dress myself and get breakfast for the old man. I must feed the cow and the chickens, too."

When she came downstairs, she found a strange man asleep. He was young and very handsome.

The young man opened his eyes and spoke to the girl.

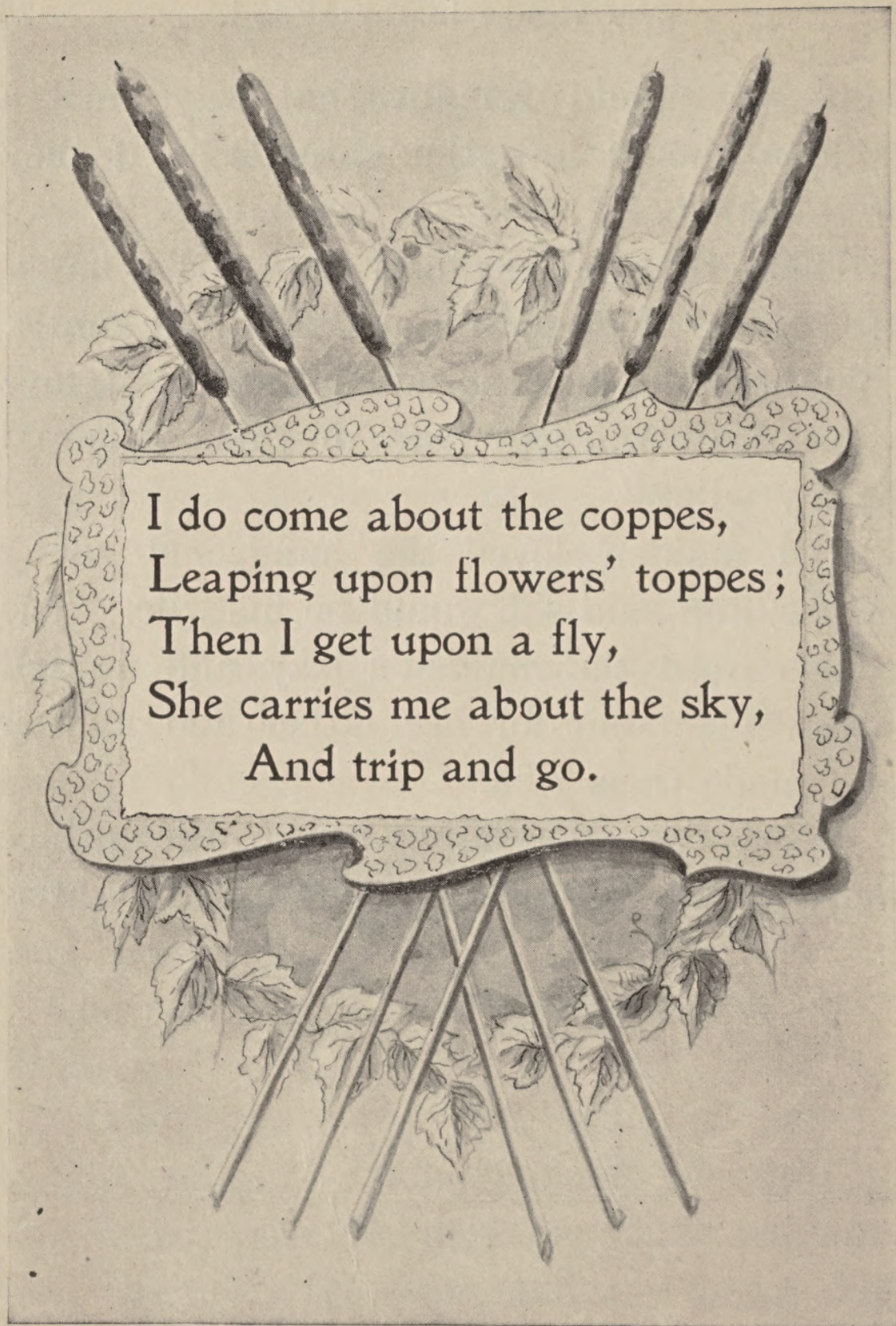
"Don't go away," he said. "I am a king's son. A witch changed me into an old man. She changed my three servants into the cow, the cock, and the hen. She changed my castle into the little hut. She

said we should remain that way until a maiden should love the animals as if they were men."

Then the prince took the girl's hand. He said: "Maiden, you are kind and gentle. You have broken the witch's spell. I love you. Will you live here in this castle and be my wife?"

The maiden loved the handsome young prince, and said she would be his wife. The prince freed the maiden's lazy and unkind sister. He sent for her father and mother and made them rich.

Everybody was happy when the prince married the woodman's beautiful daughter.



I do come about the coppes,
Leaping upon flowers' toppes;
Then I get upon a fly,
She carries me about the sky,
And trip and go.

The Two Sisters.

A widow had two daughters. The older daughter was ugly and idle; but the mother loved this one better than the other, who did all the work.

One day the younger sister had spun so much that her fingers bled upon the spindle. She ran to the well to wash the spindle; but the spindle slipped and fell into the water. She was sorry and told her mother. Her mother said: "Well, you must go down into the well and get it. I shall not buy you another."

The girl tried to climb down the well; but her foot slipped and she fell in. She was so badly hurt that she lost her senses. When she awoke, she was in a beautiful meadow. The sun was shining brightly. The flowers were blooming all about her.

As she walked through the meadow, she saw a large baker's oven. It was full of

new bread. The loaves cried, "Pull us out, pull us out, or we shall burn!" She went to the oven and quickly took them out.

When she had gone a little farther, she came to an apple tree. "Shake me, shake me," cried the tree, "for my apples are all ripe." She shook the tree until all its apples fell off. Then she placed the apples in a heap.

Soon the girl came to a neat little house. At the window sat an old woman. Her teeth were so long and her eyes so keen that the girl was frightened.

"What are you afraid of, my child?" said the old woman. "Come and stay with me. I will make you very happy, but you must help me work."

When the girl went in, the old woman said: "I am Mother Holle. When you make up my beds, you must shake them till the feathers fly about. Then the people will say it snows."

The girl stayed many days with Mother Holle. She shook the beds till the feathers

flew down like snow-flakes. This pleased Mother Holle.

Mother Holle was very kind to the girl; but, by and by, she began to wish to go home. When she told Mother Holle, the old woman said: "You have been good and worked well for me. I will show you the way."

The old woman led the way to a little gate. As the girl passed through the gate a shower of gold fell softly upon her. She stood clothed, from head to foot, in pure gold. Then Mother Holle gave the maiden her spindle and bade her good-bye.

The girl soon found herself at her mother's house. As she went in, the cock on the wall crowed loudly: "Ki-ki-ri-ki-i! Our golden lady has come home!"

The mother saw her daughter's golden dress, and was very glad. The daughter told her mother all that had happened. Then the mother wanted her older daughter to find Mother Holle, and to come back dressed in gold.

So the older sister took the spindle and dropped it into the water. Then she fell down into the well, as her sister had done. When she awoke, she was in the meadow full of flowers.

She came to the oven of bread, and the loaves cried, "Pull us out, pull us out! We are burning." But she answered, "I shall not soil my hands with your dirty oven."

When she came to the appletree, it said: "Shake me, shake me! My apples are all ripe." "I will not," she said. "An apple might hit me on the head."

At last she came to Mother Holle's house. She offered to work for her, and Mother Holle took her in. But she was too lazy. The beds were never made, and no feathers flew about. Then Mother Holle told her she must go away.

The girl was glad that she might go. She thought the shower of gold would now fall upon her, as it had fallen upon her sister.

But as she passed through the gate, a bucketful of pitch fell upon her.

When she got home, the cock upon the wall flapped his wings and crowed, "Ki-ki-ri-ki-i! Our *smutty* lady has come home."

The pitch clung to her hair and clothes, and she was never able to get it off.

The Enchanted Stag.

A little brother and sister loved each other dearly. But they had a wicked step-mother, and were unhappy.

Their step-mother scolded them and whipped them cruelly every day. She gave them nothing to eat but bread and water.

One day the little boy took his sister's hand and said to her: "Come, little sister, let us go away. Let us go out into the wide world." So they left their home, and went away, alone, into the great world.

They walked on and on and far away, until, late in the evening, they came to a large forest.

They were very tired; so they crept into a hollow tree and slept there till morning.

When they awoke they were hungry and thirsty. They heard the sound of a little brook, and ran eagerly toward it.

The little boy stooped to drink. But his sister heard the water say:

“Who drinks of me
A wolf shall be.”

“Stop, brother!” she cried, “or you will be turned into a wolf, and will eat me.”

“Well, I will wait till I find a spring,” said the boy.

But when they found a spring, the little girl heard the water say:

“Whoever drinks of me
A tiger soon shall be.”

Then she held back her brother and said: “Oh, don’t drink! If you do, you will be turned into a tiger. Then you will tear me to pieces.”

So they went farther and tried to find another stream. Soon they found one, clear and bright. The sister listened, and heard it say:

“Who drinks of me
A stag shall be.”

“Don't, brother!” she said. But he had already begun to drink and was turned into a young stag.

Their step-mother, who was a wicked witch, had enchanted all the water in that part of the forest.

The sister wept when she saw her brother changed into a stag. But he did not leave her. He ran gaily by her side.

Then she took off her little golden garter and put it around the stag's neck for a collar. To this she fastened a string made of rushes, with which she led the stag wherever she went.

They wandered in the forest until it was nearly night. At last they found a little old hut and went into it.

The little girl found some nuts and berries for herself. For the stag she found some fresh grass. She made her brother and herself a bed of dried grass and leaves. Then she said her prayers and lay down close beside her brother, the stag.

They lived here, all alone, till the girl had grown to be a tall and lovely maiden. The stag also grew larger and more handsome.

One day the king was hunting in the forest. He saw the stag and started after him. But before the king could catch the stag, he saw him run to the door of the hut and say:

“Sister, sister, let me in.”

Then the maiden opened the door and let the stag in.

Next day the king came again. He watched the hut until he saw the stag leave and go into the forest. Then he ran to the door of the hut and said:

“Sister, sister, let me in.”

When the maiden opened the door, there was no stag there; but she saw a tall and noble stranger. She was very much frightened.

The king saw she was beautiful—more beautiful than any maiden he had ever seen.

So he spoke kindly to her and asked her to go with him and become his wife and queen.

The maiden promised to go with him, if she might take the stag, too.

“He may go and stay with us always,” said the king.

So the maiden called the stag. She led him by his golden collar, and they went away with the king to his grand castle.

When their wicked step-mother heard that the stag was still alive and that the little girl had become queen of the country, she was very angry. She went to the castle and tried to kill the stag and the queen. But the king learned that she was a wicked witch, and he had her burned.

Soon the wicked step-mother was dead. Her body was only a pile of ashes.

Then the stag was changed to a handsome young man again. The king loved him almost as much as he loved the queen; and they all lived happily together for many years.

The Gold-Spinner.

PART I.

A poor miller wished his beautiful daughter to live in the king's palace.

One day he went to the king and said: "My daughter can spin straw into gold."

The king liked this, and he said, "Bring her to me."

When the maiden came to the castle, the king led her into a room filled with straw. "Here is a spinning-wheel," he said. "Spin all this straw into gold. If it is not done before sunrise, you shall die." Then the king locked the door and left the maiden alone.

The poor girl began to weep. She could not spin straw into gold; nor did she know how to spin at all.

As she sat weeping, the door opened, and a little old man hobbled in.

“Young daughter of the miller, why do you weep?” said the dwarf.

“The king wants me to spin straw into gold,” said the girl. “I cannot do it, and I must die at sunrise.”

“What will you give me to spin it for you?” asked the dwarf.

The girl replied, “I will give you this ribbon which I wear around my neck.”

The dwarf took the ribbon and began to spin. The wheel went round three times; “whir-r, whir-r, whir-r-r.” The first spool was full of gold.

He spun all night. By sunrise the straw was all spun into gold. Then he went away.

When the king came he was glad to see so much gold. He led the girl into another room full of straw. “You must have this straw spun into gold by sunrise to-morrow,” he said. Then he left her.

The dwarf came and found the maiden weeping again. He asked her what she would give him to spin the straw into gold

this time. The girl said she would give him her ring.

The dwarf took the ring and spun all night. When the straw was all turned into gold he went away.

Again the king was glad to find all the straw turned into gold. But he said: "Here is another room full of straw. Spin for me once more. Turn this straw into gold. Then you shall be my wife and queen; for you have made me very rich."

When the king was gone the dwarf came again. He said, "What will you give me, if I spin the straw for you one time more?"

The girl said, "I have nothing more to give you."

"Then promise me that when you are queen you will give me your first child," said the dwarf.

The girl knew no one else could help her; so she promised what the dwarf asked.

Once more the little man spun the straw



into gold. Then he went away, as he had done before.

When the king came and saw all the gold, he loved the maiden and married her.

So the miller's beautiful daughter was queen of the land, and the king called her his Gold-Spinner.

PART II.

About a year after this, the queen had a little son.

One night the dwarf came to the queen and said, "Give me the child, as you promised to do."

The poor queen clasped the child to her bosom and wept.

The dwarf said, "I will wait three days. If you guess my name before the three days are out, you may keep the child."

When the dwarf came the next night the queen guessed every name she could think of; but not one of them was right.

Then the queen asked all the people to help her. When the dwarf came again the queen guessed all the names the people could think of; but they were all wrong.

Now, the queen had sent a man throughout the land, to find the names of all the people who were dead.

As this man was crossing the mountains he came to a little hut hid among the trees. He peeped into the hut. A big fire was on the hearth, and a funny little man was hopping about on one leg. His wooden leg was lying on the floor.

As the dwarf hopped about, he sang:

“To-day I brew, to-morrow I bake,
And I shall then the queen's child take;
How glad I am she does not know,
That my name is Timber-toe.”

The man ran home and told the queen what he had seen and heard.

The queen thanked the man, and gave him many rich presents.

When the dwarf came the last time and said, "Now give me the child," the woman cried: "Stop! I know your name. It is Timber-toe."

"The fairies must have told you that!" screamed the dwarf. Then he went hopping off with his wooden leg, and was never seen again.

The Three Feathers.

A king had three sons. Two of them were thought to be wise. But the youngest was thought to be very silly. He was called Simple.

The old king did not know to which of his sons he would leave his kingdom. So he said, "He who brings me the finest carpet shall have the kingdom."

Then each of the brothers took a feather and blew it into the air. They said, "Each of us will go the way his feather goes."

One of the feathers flew east. Another flew west. But Simple's feather fell to the ground and lay there.

The older brothers laughed at Simple. Then each of them started off the way his feather had gone.

Poor Simple sat down where his feather had fallen. As he looked at the ground, he saw a little door.

He raised the door and saw some steps leading down into the earth. He went down the steps and came to another door.

Simple knocked loudly at this door. Then he heard a voice singing:

“Little frogs, crooked legs,
Where do you hide?
Go and see quickly
Who is outside.”

The door opened, and Simple looked in. He saw an old frog with a great many little frogs sitting around her.

The old frog asked Simple what he wanted. Simple said, “I am looking for the finest and most beautiful carpet in the world.”

The old frog called to her little ones:

“Little frogs, crooked legs,
Run here and there,
Bring me the large bag
That hangs on the chair.”

The little frogs brought her the bag. She took from it a carpet so fine and so beautiful there was never another like it.

The old frog gave the carpet to Simple. He thanked her very politely and went up the steps.

The older brothers soon came back with their carpets. They had not tried to find very fine ones; for they thought Simple would not have a carpet of any kind.

When they saw Simple's wonderful carpet, they were angry. They begged their father to let them all try again.

"Well," said the king, "whoever brings me the most beautiful lady, as his wife, shall have the kingdom."

The brothers blew their feathers, as before. Simple's feather fell to the ground again.

His brothers laughed at him, and started off again after their feathers; one to the east, and one to the west.

"Simple is such a dunce, no woman will look at him," they said one to another.

When his brothers were out of sight, Simple opened the door and went down the steps again.

“This time, I want to find the most beautiful lady in the world, to be my wife,” he said to the old frog.

“Hey-day!” said the frog. “I haven’t one by me just now; but you shall soon have one.”

The old frog hollowed out a turnip and gave it to Simple. Then she caught four mice and tied them to the turnip.

“But what am I to do with these things?” said Simple.

“Put one of my little frogs into the turnip,” said the old frog.

Simple caught one of the little frogs and put it into the hollow turnip. Then, what do you think? The little frog became a most beautiful and charming young lady. The mice became splendid horses. The turnip became a grand carriage.

Simple kissed the lady and seated himself

beside her. He drove to the castle and led the lady to his father.

Simple's brothers were at the castle with their wives. But these women were coarse and ugly.

The king said: "Simple shall have my kingdom; for he has brought me the most beautiful maiden I ever saw."

The older brothers were very angry and begged for one more trial.

"What do you wish?" asked the king.

"Let a large ring be hung in the hall. Let each maiden try to jump through it. The son whose wife can jump through the ring shall have the kingdom," said the oldest brother. He thought the delicate little lady that Simple had brought would fall and kill herself.

The ring was hung in the hall. The coarse girls both jumped. Neither of them could jump through the ring. But Simple's beautiful lady sprang through it like a deer.

Then the old king said: "You shall try no

more. I give my kingdom to my youngest son and his beautiful bride.”

After the king's death, Simple and his beautiful queen ruled the kingdom wisely.

The young queen's mother and sisters were changed into lovely ladies, as they had been before. Then they came and lived happily with king Simple for many years.

The King of the Forest.

PART I.

A wicked witch shut up a prince in an iron chest. Then she carried the chest into the forest and left it there.

Years rolled by, but no one came to the chest to set the prince free.

At last a princess who had lost her way in the forest came upon the chest.

As the princess stopped to look at the chest, she heard a voice from the inside. The voice said, "Where do you come from? What do you want here?"

"I have lost my way in the forest," said the princess. "I cannot find the road to my father's kingdom."

Then the voice said, "I will tell you how to find the way. But you must promise to do as I bid you; and when I am free, you shall be my wife."

The princess was frightened. But she wanted to know the way home; so she promised to obey the voice.

“Then, come here to-morrow,” said the voice. “Bring a knife with you, scrape a hole in the chest and set me free.”

Then the voice told the princess how to reach her father’s kingdom.

The princess found her way home. She told her father of the man in the iron chest. “I have promised to let him out,” she said, “and he says I must marry him then.”

The king did not know who it was in the chest, and he did not wish his daughter to marry him. So he sent the miller’s daughter to make a hole in the chest. Then he sent the swine-herd’s daughter. But neither of them could make the hole. Then the prince in the chest was angry, and said he would shake the king’s palace down, if the princess did not come and let him out.

At last the king sent his daughter. She

bade her father and mother good-bye, and went away weeping.

The princess came to the chest, and began to scrape on it with a knife. She scraped all night. When morning came, she had scraped a small hole in the chest. She peeped in and saw a handsome young man. His dress was covered with jewels. When the princess saw him, she worked more rapidly, and the hole was soon large enough for the prince to spring out.

He was so handsome and so gentle that the princess loved him at once.

"You have broken the spell of the witch. You have set me free," cried the prince. "You shall be my wife, for I am the son of a great king."

He wished to carry her, at once, to his father's kingdom. But the princess wished to go and bid farewell to her father and mother.

At last the prince consented. "But," said he, "you must not speak more than

three words." The princess promised to obey the prince. Yet she forgot her promise, and talked very fast until it was time to return to the prince in the forest.

PART II.

When the princess returned to the forest, she could find neither the iron chest nor the prince.

She looked for them a long time, until she was tired and hungry. At night she climbed into a high tree, where she might be safe from the wild beasts of the forest.

As she sat in the high tree thinking of the prince, she saw a bright light.

She climbed down and went toward the light, and found it was shining through the windows of a small hut.

The princess peeped into the hut. In the middle of the room was a table covered with rich food in gold and silver dishes. On the floor were frogs of all sizes.

The princess knocked at the door of the hut and heard a frog say, "Go quickly and see who is at the door." A little frog opened the door and welcomed the princess.

The frogs gave the princess a seat at the table, and waited upon her while she ate.

The princess told the frogs of the prince she had lost. "But," she said, "I will seek him all over the world. I will seek him until I find him."

"I will help you, dear Princess," said the old frog.

The princess slept in the hut that night. Next morning the old frog gave her three large needles, a plow point, a cockle shell, and three small walnuts.

"Dear Princess," said the old frog, "you must climb a high glass mountain, with three snowy peaks. Then you must cross a great lake. Beyond the lake, you will find the prince's castle."

The princess set out and came to the glass mountain. She put the needles into the soles of her shoes and climbed it with ease.

The plow point helped her to cross the snowy peaks. She crossed the lake in the cockle shell. At last, she came to the castle, and hired herself as a servant.

The prince was about to marry a beautiful lady, and the nights were spent in feasting and dancing.

The first night, the princess broke open one of her walnuts. From it she drew a dress that looked like the frost as it lies on the bright autumn leaves. No one in the ball-room was half so lovely as was the princess in this lovely dress. Not even the prince knew who she was, but he danced with her often.

The second night, the princess broke open another walnut. In this one was a dress that looked like snow with the sun shining upon it.

The princess danced again with the prince; and he wondered who this beautiful, shining maiden could be.

The third night, the princess broke the last of her walnuts. From it she took a dress that gleamed and sparkled like the

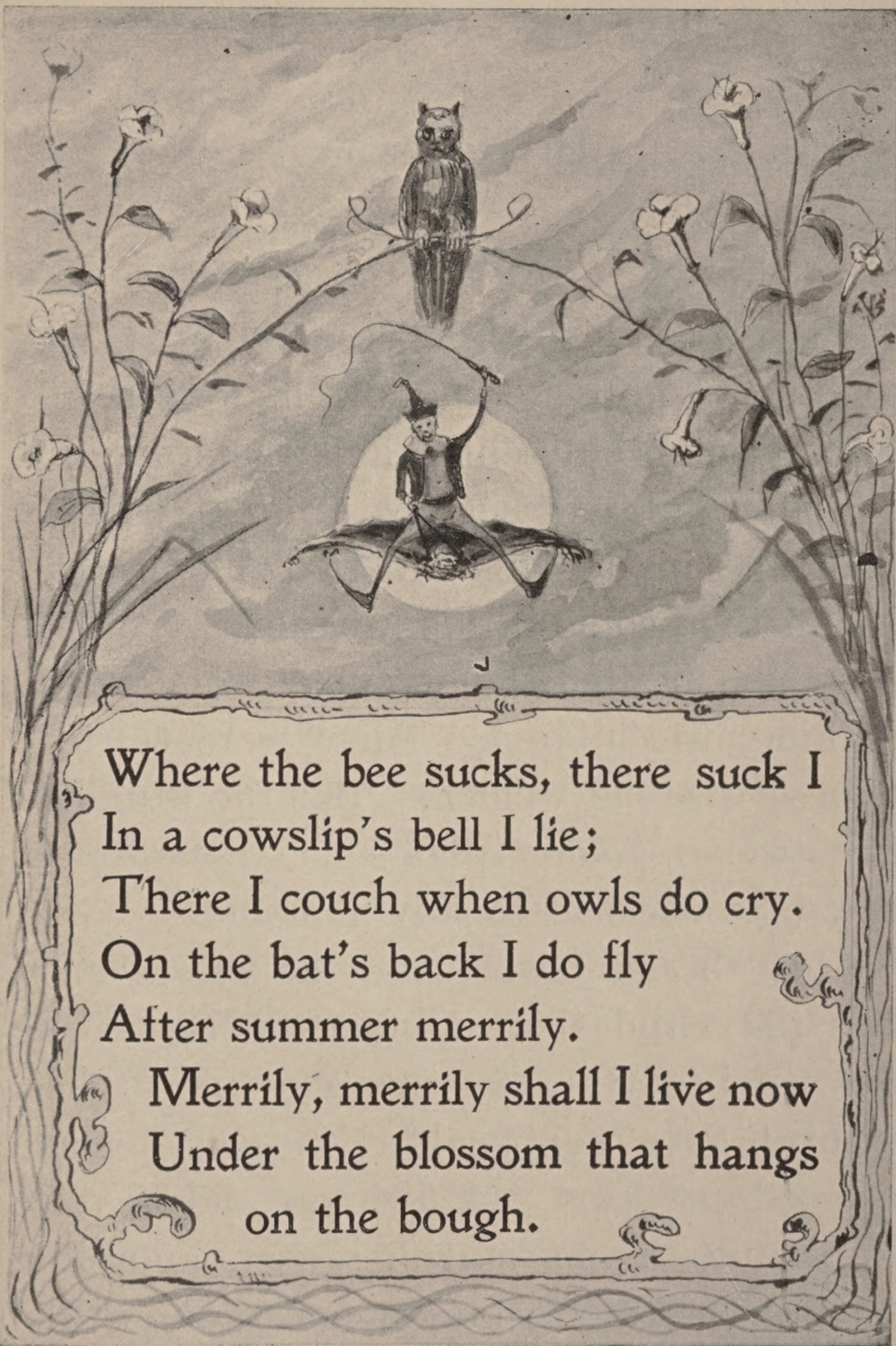
sunshine upon thousands of dew-drops woven in silken spider webs.

As she danced with the prince this time, the princess whispered, "Have you forgotten the iron chest and the king's daughter who set you free?"

Then the prince knew her. "You are my own beloved princess!" he cried. "How happy I am!"

As they traveled towards her father's kingdom, they passed through the forest. Where the frogs' hut had been, was a beautiful palace. Lovely ladies came to welcome them. These ladies told the princess they had been frogs, under the spell of a witch. The old frog who had helped the princess was now the queen of the forest. The little frogs were her maidens and servants.

The prince and the princess stayed with the queen, who made them a great feast. The prince married the princess. When the queen died, the prince became KING OF THE FOREST, and the beautiful princess was his queen.



Where the bee sucks, there suck I
In a cowslip's bell I lie;
There I couch when owls do cry.
On the bat's back I do fly
After summer merrily.

Merrily, merrily shall I live now
Under the blossom that hangs
on the bough.

Briar-Rose.

PART I.

Long ago a little girl was born, the daughter of a great king and his queen.

She was an only child, and the king was so full of joy that he gave a great feast to which he invited his kinsfolk, his friends, and all the people in his kingdom.

He also invited the wise old women who are kind to children. There were thirteen of these wise old women. But the king had only twelve golden plates for them to eat from. So one had to stay at home.

When the feast was over, the wise women gave the child their wonderful gifts. One gave her beauty. Another gave her riches. A third gave her health. A fourth made her good and kind. A fifth gave her a voice like that of the murmuring waters and singing birds. A sixth taught her to dance like the fairies. A seventh made her modest

and gentle. An eighth made her cheerful and happy. The ninth gave her friends. The tenth gave her wisdom. The eleventh gave her love.

Just then the thirteenth old woman rushed in. She was angry because she had to stay at home. "On her fifteenth birthday, she shall prick her finger with a spindle and die," she screamed. Then she turned her back and left the hall.

Everybody was frightened. But the twelfth old woman had not yet made her gift. She could not wholly take away the evil wish. But she said: "She shall not die. She shall only fall asleep and sleep a hundred years."

The king heard this, and he commanded all the spindles in his kingdom to be burnt. Then he thought his little daughter was safe.

On her fifteenth birthday, the princess was alone in the castle. The king and queen had gone away into the country.

The princess wandered from room to room. At last she came to an old tower, with a

winding stair. She tripped up the stair till she came to a little door. In the lock was a rusty key. She turned the key, and the door sprang open. In the room sat an old woman, spinning flax on a spindle.

“Good day, my good old lady,” said the princess. “What are you doing here?”

“I am spinning,” said the old woman.

“And what is this funny little thing that hums so merrily?” asked the princess, as she touched the spindle. But the spindle pricked her finger, and she fell back upon the bed, asleep.

The king and queen, who had just come home, fell asleep upon their thrones in the hall. The people about them fell asleep in their chairs. The horses in the stable ceased to eat. The doves upon the eaves put their heads under their wings and shut their eyes. The flies stood still upon the walls. The fire upon the hearth slept. The meat on the spit ceased to roast. The cook let loose the hair of the kitchen-boy; and they both

began to snore. The wind rested. Not a leaf stirred on the trees in the castle yard.

Now a hedge of briars and thorns began to grow up around the castle. They sprang higher and higher, till the castle was hid, and not even the flag on the tower could be seen.

PART II.

And so the years went by. Soon the people in the kingdom began to talk of the beautiful maiden asleep in the castle. Sometimes they called her Briar-Rose; sometimes Sleeping Beauty. Everybody had heard how fair and beautiful she was.

From time to time princes came and tried to reach the castle. But the thorns caught them and held them fast till they died.

After many years, another prince came to the country, more handsome than all the rest. He heard an old man tell the story of the hedge of briars and of the beautiful Briar-Rose. He also heard how the princes



who had come before him had died in the thorns. But he said: "I am not afraid. I will see this hedge of briars. I will find the castle."

The hundred years were now at an end. The last day had come. The prince started to the castle. As he came to the hedge, the thorns turned to beautiful flowers. These parted and made a path before him. Behind him, they closed up again, like a wall.

The prince passed through the yard and the hall. He found everything asleep. It was so still he could hear himself breathe. There was no sound but the snoring of the cook and the kitchen-boy.

At last he came to the tower. He went up the winding stair till he came to the little door. The door stood open just as it had been left a hundred years ago. The prince went into the room, and found Briar-Rose asleep upon the bed. She was so beautiful the prince could not turn his eyes away from her; so he bent down over her

and kissed her. Just as he touched her lips her eyes began to open. Then she awoke and greeted him with a smile.

The king and the queen upon their thrones rubbed their eyes. The people on the chairs in the hall yawned and stood up. The horses in the stable shook themselves. The dogs wagged their tails. The doves upon the eaves drew their heads from under their wings; then they cooed and flew in circles over the castle. The flies began to crawl on the walls. The fire burnt brightly upon the hearth and cooked the meat. The cook gave his lad a box upon the ear.

The hundred years of sleep had made no change in any one. The people only wondered why they had not gone to bed.

By-and-by, the prince married the beautiful Briar-Rose; and they became king and queen of Thorn-Hedge Castle, and their people loved them well.

Who was the Princess? Who was the Prince? What was the hundred years.

But for still music, we will keep
The wren and titmouse, which to
sleep
Shall sing the bride when she's
alone,
The rest unto their chambers gone;
And like those upon ropes that
walk
On gossamer from stalk to stalk,
The tripping fairy tricks shall play
The evening of the wedding day.



Cinderella, the Little Ash-Girl.

PART I.

A little girl's mother lay dying. She called her daughter to her and said:

"Dear child, I am dying. Be a good girl. God will care for you. I will look down from heaven and think of you."

Every day the little girl went to her mother's grave and wept. She never forgot her mother's words.

The winter came and put a white sheet over the grave. The spring came, took away the white sheet, and covered the grave with blue violets. Then the little girl's father took another wife.

This new wife had two daughters. Their faces were beautiful, but their hearts were ugly and bad.

None of them loved the good little girl. They took away her fine clothes, and gave

her a coarse gray dress. Then they laughed at her and sent her to the kitchen.

Here she had to work all day. She got up before it was light. She brought water. She made fires. She cooked and washed dishes.

The proud girls mocked at her. They threw peas and beans into the ashes and made her pick them out again. At night they gave her no bed to lie on, but she lay on the hearth, in the ashes. Then the proud girls called her Cinderella, the Little Ash-Girl.

One day Cinderella's father went to the fair. He asked the proud girls what he should bring them.

"Fine dresses," said one.

"Diamonds and pearls," said the other.

"And what shall I bring you, Cinderella?" asked the man.

"The first twig that strikes against your hat. Break it off and bring it to me," she said.

The man bought the fine clothes, the diamonds, and the pearls for the proud girls.

As he came home, a hazel twig brushed his hat. He broke the twig and took it to Cinderella.

Cinderella thanked her father for the hazel switch. She planted it on her mother's grave. She watered it with her tears, and it grew to a beautiful tree.

Three times every day Cinderella went to the tree and prayed. Each time a little white bird sat on the tree. When she wished for anything, the little bird threw it down to her.

PART II.

Now the king was to give a great ball. It was to last three days. All the beautiful maidens in the land were invited, so the prince might choose him a bride.

The two proud girls were glad. They said to Cinderella:

“Comb our hair! Brush our shoes! Fasten our buckles! We are going to the ball!”

Cinderella obeyed, but she wept. For she, too, wished to go to the ball.

She asked her step-mother if she might go.

“What!” cried her step-mother. “You go to the ball! You are all covered with dust and ashes! You have no dress! How can you dance without shoes?” But at last she said: “I have thrown a dishful of corn into the ashes. Pick it all out in two hours, and you may go.”

Then Cinderella went into the garden and called:

“Little pigeons, turtle-doves,

All birds in the sky,

All whom Cinderella loves,

Hear me; hither fly.

Good grains shall be for me,

Bad grains for you shall be.”

First two little white pigeons flew in at the window. After them came the turtle-doves. Then all kinds of birds came, until the kitchen was filled with them.

The little pigeons nodded their heads and

began—pick, pick-pick, pick-pick. Then all the other birds began—pick, pick-pick; and in one hour all the corn was in the dish. Then the little birds flew out at the window and away into the sky again.

Cinderella carried the dish of corn to her step-mother, and asked if she might go to the ball now.

But her step-mother said: “No, Cinderella! You cannot go. You have no dress, and you cannot dance.”

But when Cinderella cried, her step-mother said: “I will throw two dishfuls of corn into the ashes. Pick it all out in one hour, and you may go.”

Then Cinderella went into the garden and called:

“Little pigeons, turtle-doves,
All birds in the sky,
All whom Cinderella loves,
Hear me; hither fly.
Good grains shall be for me,
Bad grains for you shall be.”



Listening to the Nightingale

First the two little pigeons flew in at the window. After them came the turtle doves. Then followed the birds of all kinds, until the kitchen was filled with them.

The little pigeons nodded their heads and began—pick, pick-pick, pick-pick. Then all the other birds began—pick, pick-pick. And before a half-hour was gone, the corn was in the dishes, and the birds had flown away.

Cinderella took the corn to the step-mother. But she said: “It does not help you a bit. You cannot go with us. You have no clothes. You cannot dance. We should be ashamed of you.”

Then she turned her back on Cinderella, and went away with her two proud daughters.

PART III.

Now Cinderella was left alone. She went to her mother's grave, under the hazel tree, and sang:

“Rustle, rustle, little tree,
Silver and gold throw down to me.”

Then the little white bird threw down a dress of gold and silver. It threw down silken slippers with silver buckles.

Cinderella put on the dress and slippers and went to the ball. Her step-mother and her proud sisters did not know her. She was so beautiful they thought she was some fine princess.

She was the most beautiful maiden at the ball. The prince would dance with no other.

When evening came, the prince wished to go home with Cinderella; but she slipped out at the door and ran away from him. She ran to her mother's grave and took off her fine clothes. The little bird took them, and gave her back her coarse gray dress. Cinderella put on the old dress and went home. When her step-mother and the proud sisters came home, she was asleep in the ashes.

The next day, the step-mother and her daughters went to the ball again. When

they were gone, Cinderella went to the hazel tree and sang:

“Rustle, rustle, little tree,
Silver and gold throw down to me.”

The little white bird threw down for her a dress more beautiful than the first one. Cinderella put it on and went to the ball. Everybody stared at her and wondered who the beautiful princess could be. The prince took her hand and danced with her all the evening. When she went away, the prince wished to follow her; but she ran into the garden, and he could not find her. Then she went to the hazel tree and put on her coarse dress again. The bird took the ball dress and carried it away.

When the step-mother and her proud daughters came home, Cinderella was fast asleep in the ashes.

The third day, Cinderella went to the hazel tree and sang:

“Rustle, rustle, little tree,
Silver and gold throw down to me.”

This time the bird threw down the most beautiful dress that was ever seen. The slippers were of pure gold.

Cinderella wore the dress and slippers to the ball. Everybody was dumb with wonder. They had never seen a maiden so beautiful. The prince danced with her till the ball was over. He would not look at any one else.

When midnight had come, the prince tried again to go home with the beautiful maiden. But again she ran away from him. As she ran, she lost one of her slippers.

PART IV.

Next morning the prince went, with the slipper, to Cinderella's father. "I will marry no one but the maiden who can wear this little golden shoe," he said.

Now the proud sisters were glad. For they had beautiful feet. They thought they could wear the slipper.

The older sister took the shoe to her room, to put it on. But she could not get her big toe in. Then her mother gave her a knife and said: "Cut off the toe. When you are queen, you will not need to walk."

The maiden cut off her toe and squeezed her foot into the shoe. This gave her great pain; but she bit her lips and went down to the prince.

The prince took her on his horse and rode away with her. As they rode by the grave, two white pigeons were sitting on the hazel tree. They nodded their heads and sang:

"At your side, at your side,
There is blood in the shoe.
Backward ride, backward ride,
She's not your bride. Coo, coo-oo."

The prince looked at the shoe and saw blood on it. Then he turned his horse and took the maiden back to her mother.

"She is not the right one," he said.
"Her sister shall try the shoe."

The younger sister took the shoe to her room. She put her toes in easily, but her heel was too large.

Her mother gave her a knife and said: "Cut a piece off your heel. When you are queen, you will not need to walk."

The maiden cut a piece off her heel, and pressed her foot into the shoe. She bit her lips to hide the pain, and went down to the prince.

The prince took her on his horse and rode away with her.

As they passed under the hazel tree, the two white doves were there again. They nodded their heads and sang:

"At your side, at your side,
There is blood in the shoe.
Backward ride, backward ride,
She's not your bride. Coo, coo-oo."

The prince looked at the shoe and saw the blood trickling over it. Then he turned his horse and took the maiden home.



“She is not the right one, either,” said he. “Haven’t you another daughter?”

“No,” said the father. “None but a little ash-girl, the daughter of my dead wife. You would not marry her.”

“Let her come and try the shoe,” said the prince.

“Oh, no!” cried the step-mother. “She is too dirty. You must not see her.” But the prince said she must be called. So Cinderella was called.

She washed her face and hands and combed her hair. Then she went and bowed to the prince.

The prince gave Cinderella the golden slipper. She sat down on a little stool and pulled off her heavy wooden shoe. Then she put on the little slipper, which just fitted her.

The prince looked into her face and knew she was the maiden with whom he had danced at the ball. Then he said: “She shall be my bride. I will marry no other.”

The two proud sisters and their mother were white with rage. But the king's son took the little ash-girl on his horse and rode away with her.

As they came under the hazel tree, the two white pigeons cooed and sang:

“At your side, at your side,
There's no blood in the shoe.
Homeward ride, homeward ride,
She'll be your bride. Coo, coo-oo, coo.”

Then both pigeons flew down and lighted on Cinderella's shoulders, one on her right shoulder and one on her left.

The prince married Cinderella, and her proud sisters came to the wedding. As the people went into the church, the proud sisters followed close to Cinderella, one on each side. As they went in, the doves picked out their right eyes. As they came out, the doves picked out their left eyes. So the proud, cruel sisters were blind. But I think Cinderella, who was now the queen, cared for them and treated them kindly.



Round about, round about, in a fine ring a,
Thus we dance, thus we dance, and thus we
sing a;

Trip and go, to and fro, over this green a,
All about, in and out, for our brave queen a,

Round about, round about, in a fine ring a,
Thus we dance, thus we dance, and thus we
sing a;

Trip and go, to and fro, over this green a,
All about, in and out, for our brave queen a.

We have danced round about, in a fine
ring a,

We have danced merrily, and thus we sing a;
All about, in and out, over this green a,
To and fro, trip and go, to our brave queen a.





Listening to the Fairies.

The Dream-Fairy.

A little fairy comes at night,
Her eyes are blue, her hair is brown,
With silver spots upon her wings,
And from the moon she flutters down.

She has a little silver wand,
And when a good child goes to bed,
She waves her wand from right to left
And makes a circle round its head.

And then it dreams of pleasant things,
Of fountains filled with fairy fish,
And trees that bear delicious fruit
And bow their branches at a wish.

Of arbors filled with dainty scents
From lovely flowers that never fade;
Bright flies that glitter in the sun,
And glow-worms shining in the shade;

And singing-birds with gifted tongues
For singing songs and telling tales;
And pretty dwarfs to show the way
Through fairy hills and fairy dales.

—*Thomas Hood.*

Slumber Song.

Creep into my arms, my baby dear,
And mother will sing to you, soft and low,
A little song you'll be glad to hear,
Of the old moon-sheep and her lambs, that go
Up the sky,
And down the sky,
And over the hills that seem so high.

The moon is the mother sheep, my dear;
The stars are her little lambs, and they
Follow her, follow her, there and here,
In the wide sky-meadows to leap and play
Up the sky,
And down the sky,
And over the hill-tops, by and by.

Rock-a-by, baby, and go to sleep.
The little star-lambs will sleepy grow,
And all lie down with the moon to sleep
Till the sun goes down at night, and so
Up the sky
And down the sky

The moon and her little white lambs go by.
Go to sleep,
And mother'll keep
Watch o'er her lamb, like the old moon-sheep.

—*Eben E. Rexford, in Youth's Companion.*

Lists of Words of More Than One Syllable.

[Drill on these before requiring the children to read.]

The Frog Prince.

beau ti ful	pad dler	ug ly
daugh ter	gold en	life less
flow ers	pret ti est	sor ry
sun shine	com pan ion	ten der ly
cas tle	silk en	mo ment
for est	fast er	friend ly
foun tain	din ner	un til
prin cess	prom ised	hap pi ly
play ing	be side	mar ried
stretch ing	to geth er	

The Straw, the Coal and the Bean.

gath ered	fin gers	be neath
hand ful	trav el	fright ened
oth er	my self	tai lor
broth ers	a cross	ev er y
six ty	light ly	

Fairy Tell-True.

some times	jour ney	peo ple
noth ing	be longs	be lieve
morn ing	be gan	an oth er
be fore	won der ful	fol low
di a monds	false hood	wick ed
glit ter ing	be come	a round
pal ace	ei ther	al ways
four teen	ber ries	

Little Red-Cap.

grand moth er	car ry ing	gob bled
vel vet	a pron	blank ets
bot tle	cot tage	an swered
nar row	ea si ly	cur tains
a mong	lis ten	swal lowed
ear ly	wan dered	

The Lady-Bird and the Fly.

scream ing	rus tle	maid en
creak ing	pitch er	fu ner al

The Crystal Ball.

crys tal	set tle	im age
ea gle	dis pute	yon der
moun tain	min ute	fi er y
sec ond	a greed	buf fa lo
a fraid	who ev er	fish er man
gi ants	mir ror	hand some

The Lost Son.

hap py	an gry	coun try
what ev er	gar dens	lad der
nei ther	pic ture	lone ly

The Little Rabbit's Bride.

cab bag es	rain bow	be cause
kind ly	car pet	a lone
let tuc es	vi o lets	hun gry
wed ding	mur mur ing	wait ing
al tar	or gan	ket tle

Queen Lettice of the Golden Hair.

vis it	win dow	wan dered
with out	e ven ing	bit ter ly
	king dom.	

The Old Man and His Grandson.

ta ble	earth en	pen nies
cor ner	any thing	grand fath er

The Twelve Windows.

ra ven	mer ri ly	whis pered
kind ness	bot tom	a loud
re pay	bas ket	cun ning
yes ter day	a ny where	

The Palace of the Golden Path.

sur round ed	think ing
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The House in the Wood.

wood man	fin ished	slip pers
dark ness	mid night	break fast
an i mals	a wak ened	ser vants
creat ures	a woke	re main
cel lar	cov ered	un kind

The Two Sisters.

wid ow	Hol le	buck et ful
spin dle	feath ers	smut ty
mead ow	dirt y	ba ker
far ther	la zy	ov en
ap ples	of fered	

The Enchanted Stag.

en chant ed	thirst y	gai ly
un hap py	ti ger	col lar
cru el ly	ea ger ly	no ble
	gar ter	

The Gold-Spinner.

sun rise	guessed	fair ies
rib bon	Tim ber-toe	

The Three Feathers.

Sim ple	hol lowed	car ri age
po lite ly	tur nip	del i cate
won der ful	splen did	charm ing

The King of the Forest.

o bey	for got	nee dles
jew els	re turn	au tumn
rap id ly	sil ver	thous and
fare well	cock le	spi der
con sent ed	wal nut	for got ten
	i ron	

Briar-Rose.

a go	wis dom	kitch en
in vited	e lev enth	stirred
kins folk	fif teenth	high er
thir teen	birth day	tow er
sev enth	e vil	greet ed
mod est	hun dred	them selves
gen tle	com mand ed	cir cles
cheer ful	wind ing	

Cinderella, the Little Ash-Girl.

Cin der el la	pig eons	nod ded
dy ing	tur tle doves	trick ling
a gainst	hith er	wood en
ha zel	buck les	fit ted
wa tered	ev er y bod y	home ward
dish ful	back ward	shoul der

Queen Mab.

flut ters
pleas ant
de li cious

branch es
ar bors
glit ter

dain ty
gift ed

Slumber Song.

slum ber

fol low

mead ows

Phonic Charts.

The phonic charts given below may easily be taught to children during the first school year, thus giving them the power to find for themselves the pronunciation of most of the words already familiar to them as spoken words. It is not to be used as an aid to spelling. A child should not, at this stage, be taught to depend on diacritical marks, nor should so-called silent letters be marked for it. Do not attempt to teach the chart all at once, but teach the sounds of the letters and the combinations as they are needed in the lessons, using such key-words as are already most familiar to the child.

These charts show the regular sounds of the letters and of the more usual combinations of letters, especially in words of one syllable. A little drill, with words written on the blackboard, will give the children facility in pronouncing any word in which the letters and combinations have their regular sounds.

Chart I.

a=m a t

e=f e d

i=p i n

o=n o t

u=t u b

a e=m a t e

e e=h e r e

i e=p i n e

o e=n o t e

u e=t u b e

y e=t y p e

y=^{my}re ply } (in words of one syllable and in final
 accented syllables.)

y=Fan ny (in final unaccented syllables.)

Chart II.

b=b a t

c=c a t

d=d i d

f=f e d

g=g e t

h=h i t

j=j u s t

k=k i n g

l=l i k e

m=m a n

n=n o w

p=p e t

qu=qu i c k

r=r u n

{ s=s a t

{ s=i s

t=t e n

v=v i n e

w=w e b

x=w a x

y=y e s

z=b u z z

Chart III.

ai=s ai l

au=h au l

aw=s aw

ay=s ay

oe=t oe

oi=oi l

{ oo=m oo n

{ oo=b oo k

ar=h ar d

er=h er

ir=s ir

ur=f ur

{ ea=ea ch	{ ou=h ou s <i>e</i> or=n or th
{ ea=h ea d (in a	{ ou=s ou l
few words.)	{ ow=ow l
ee=s ee	{ ow=s n ow
ei=re c ei v <i>e</i>	oy=b oy
{ ie=t ie	
{ ie=th ie f	

Chart IV.

ch=ch o p	th=th i s
ck=b a ck	kn=kn ee
sh=sh o p	wr=wr i t e
tch=c a tch	
th=th i ck	

Chart V.

ang=s ang	alt=h alt	ought=s ought
ing=s ing	ald=b ald	aught=c aught
ong=s ong	alk=w alk	alm=c alm
ung=s ung	oll=r oll	ind=f ind
ank=s ank	old=h old	ild=ch ild
ink=s ink	olt=b olt	ce=f a ce
unk=s unk	igh=h igh	ge=a ge
all=b all	eigh=eigh t	dge=h e dge

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